

BILL & TED GO TO HELL

JOINES & BACHAN
with LAWSON

BOOM!
STUDIOS

NO. 1 OF 4





BILL & TED GO TO HELL™

WRITTEN BY

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ART BY

BACHAN

COLORS BY

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LETTERS BY

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COVER
JAMAL CAMPBELL

SUBSCRIPTION ALBUM COVER
LOGAN FAERBER

VARIANT COVERS
SEAN "CHEEKS" GALLOWAY
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WITH COLORS BY TAMRA BONVILLAIN

NEWBURY COMICS EXCLUSIVE COVER
JOE QUINONES

FRIED PIE EXCLUSIVE COVER
JERRY GAYLORD
WITH COLORS BY WHITNEY COGAR

JESSE JAMES/EXCEED EXCLUSIVE COVER
WALTER PAX
WITH COLORS BY MARCELO MAIOLO

TOUR POSTER EXCLUSIVE COVER
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ALEX WINTER



© Phone Booth
Recording
91725-4

WYLD STALLYNS

HELL-DUDE IN THE REARVIEW
Afterliving

Side 1

33 1/3

Stereo

SRM 8.84
1.00.001

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Your cashier was Tom E.

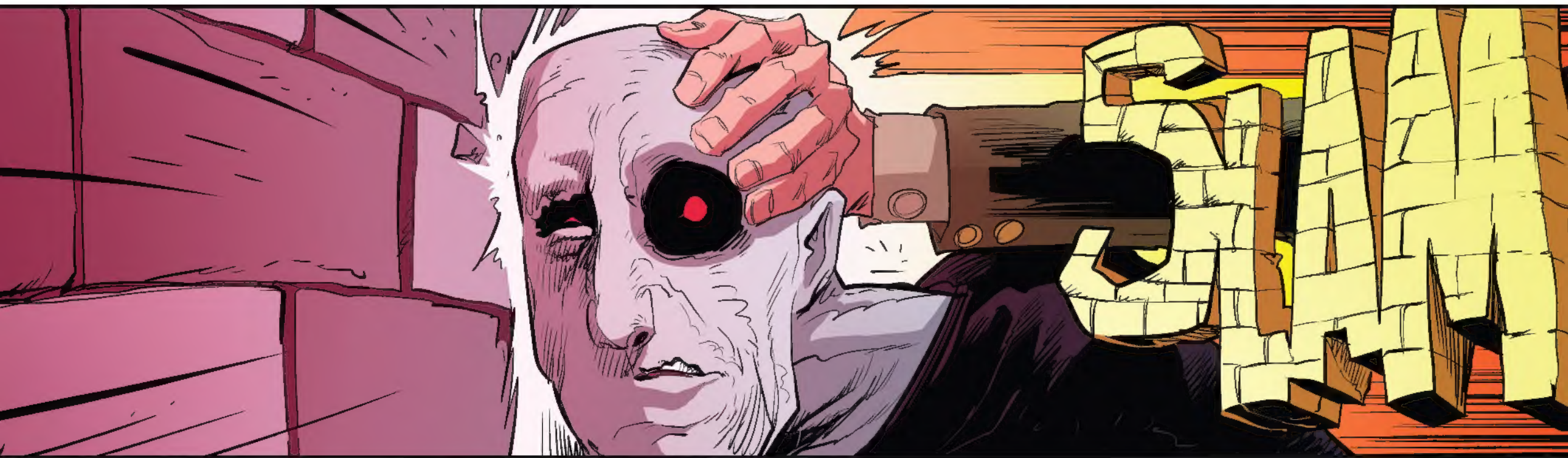
"Our First Song EP"
Wyld Stallyns

.....\$14.99

"Hell-Dude in the Rearview"
Wyld Stallyns

.....\$2.99





GET HIM
ON THE TABLE
AND STRAP HIM
DOWN!

MY, SUCH A
BIG, STRONG
BOY...



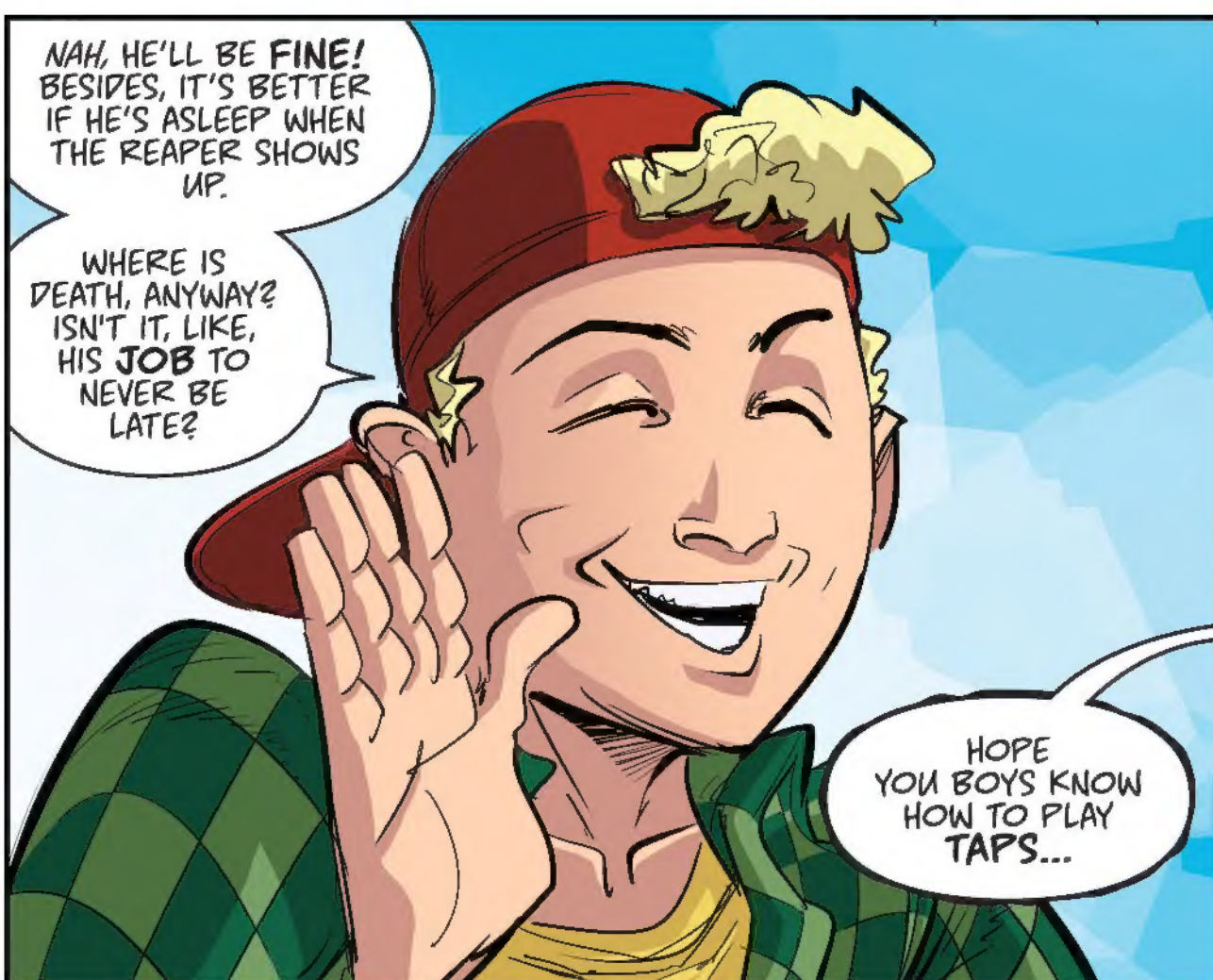
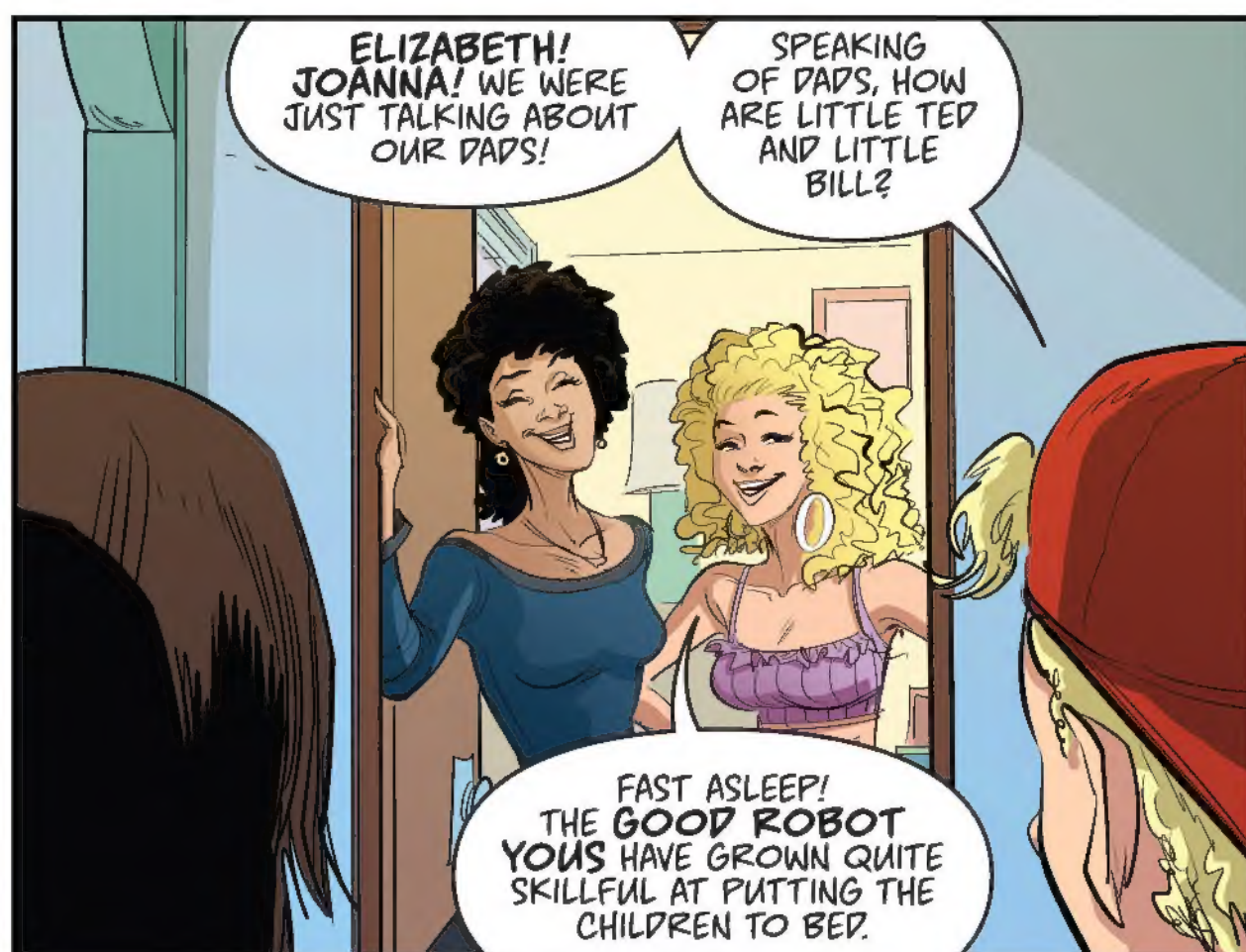
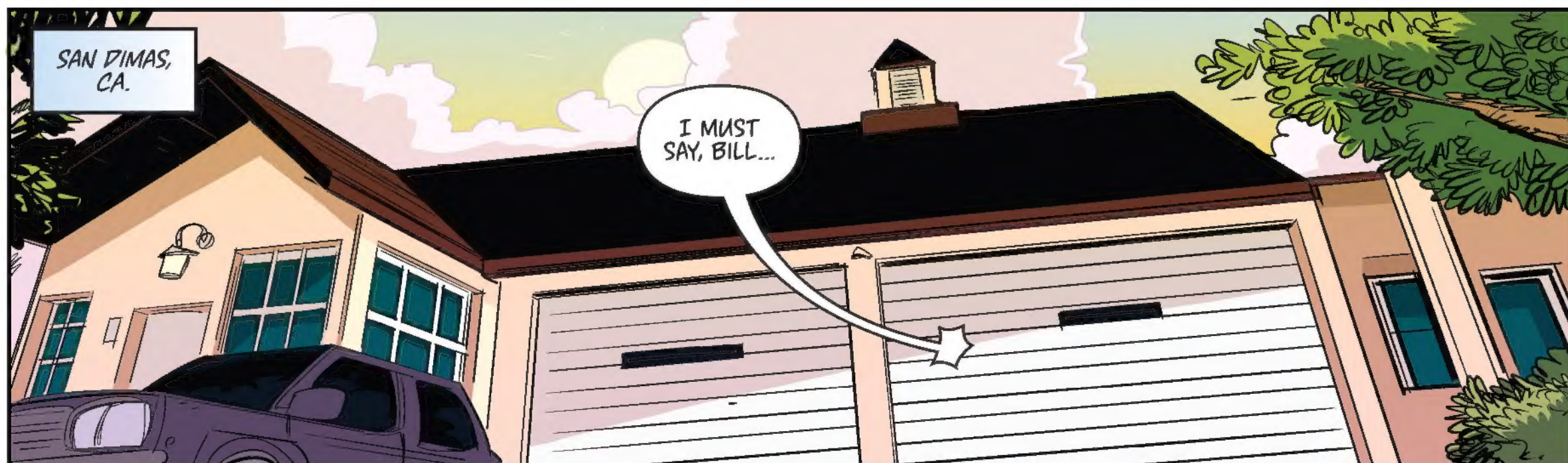
WE HAVE A
PROBLEM. HE'S
SUPPOSED TO MEET
WILLIAM AND
THEODORE
TONIGHT.

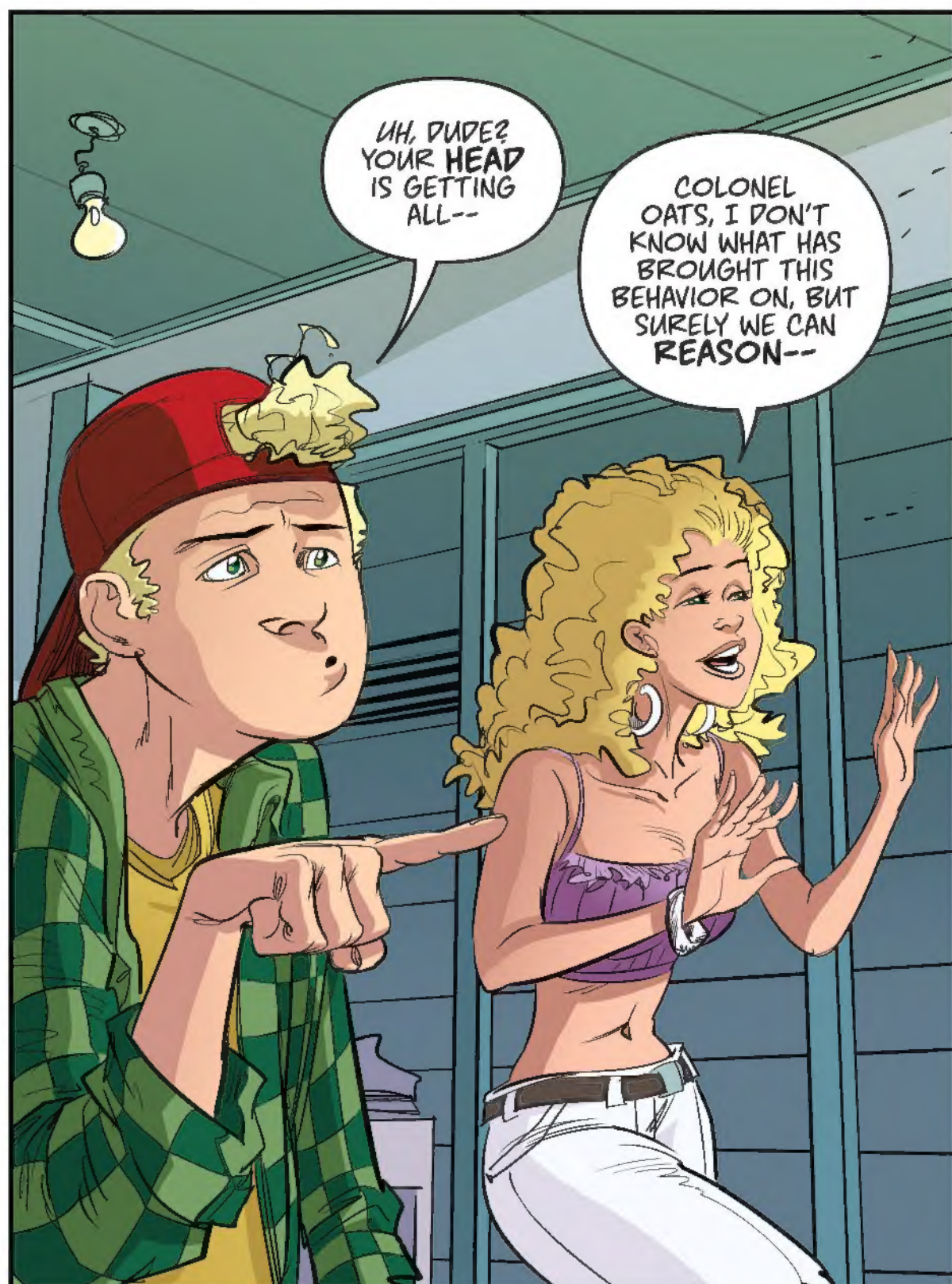
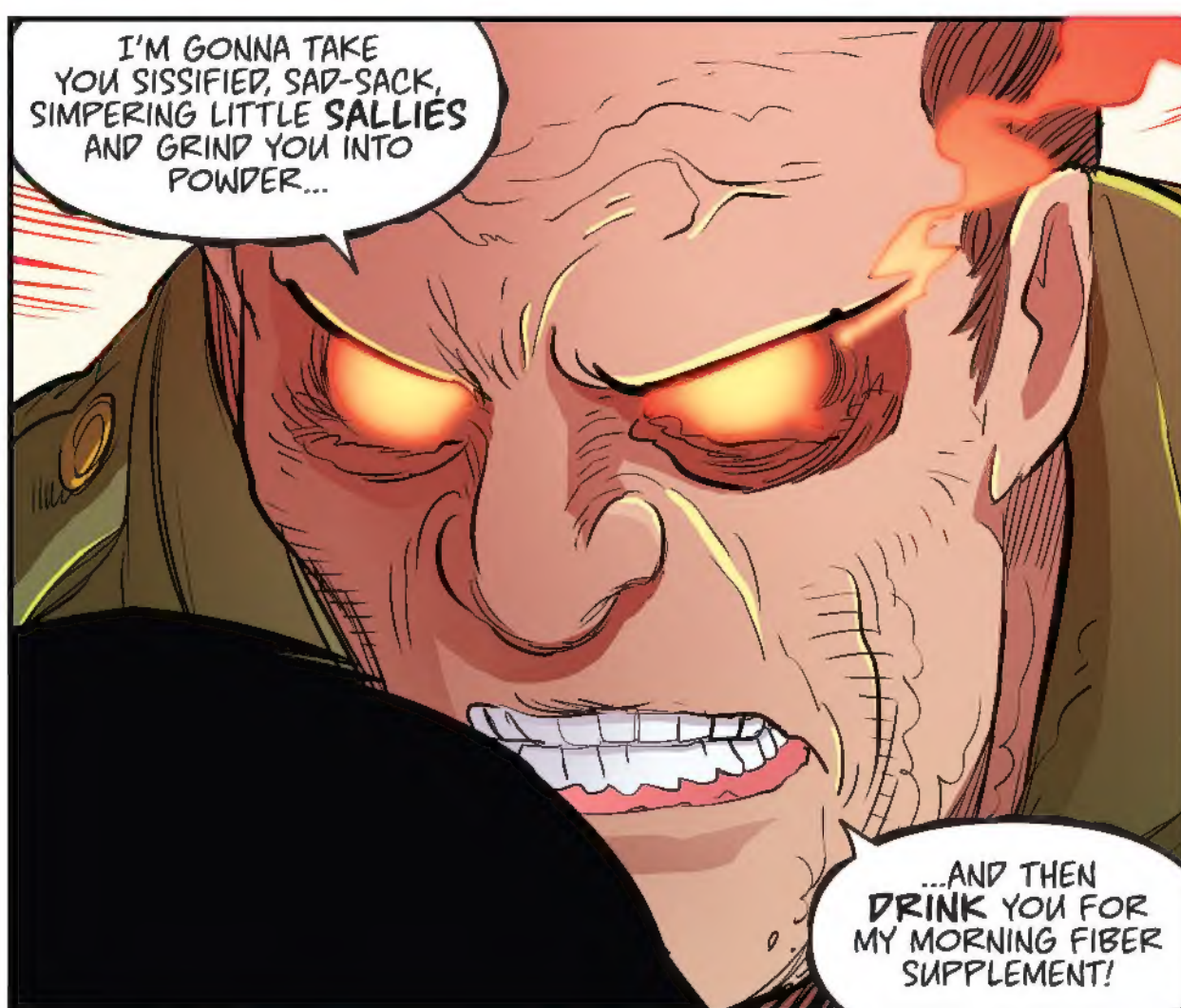
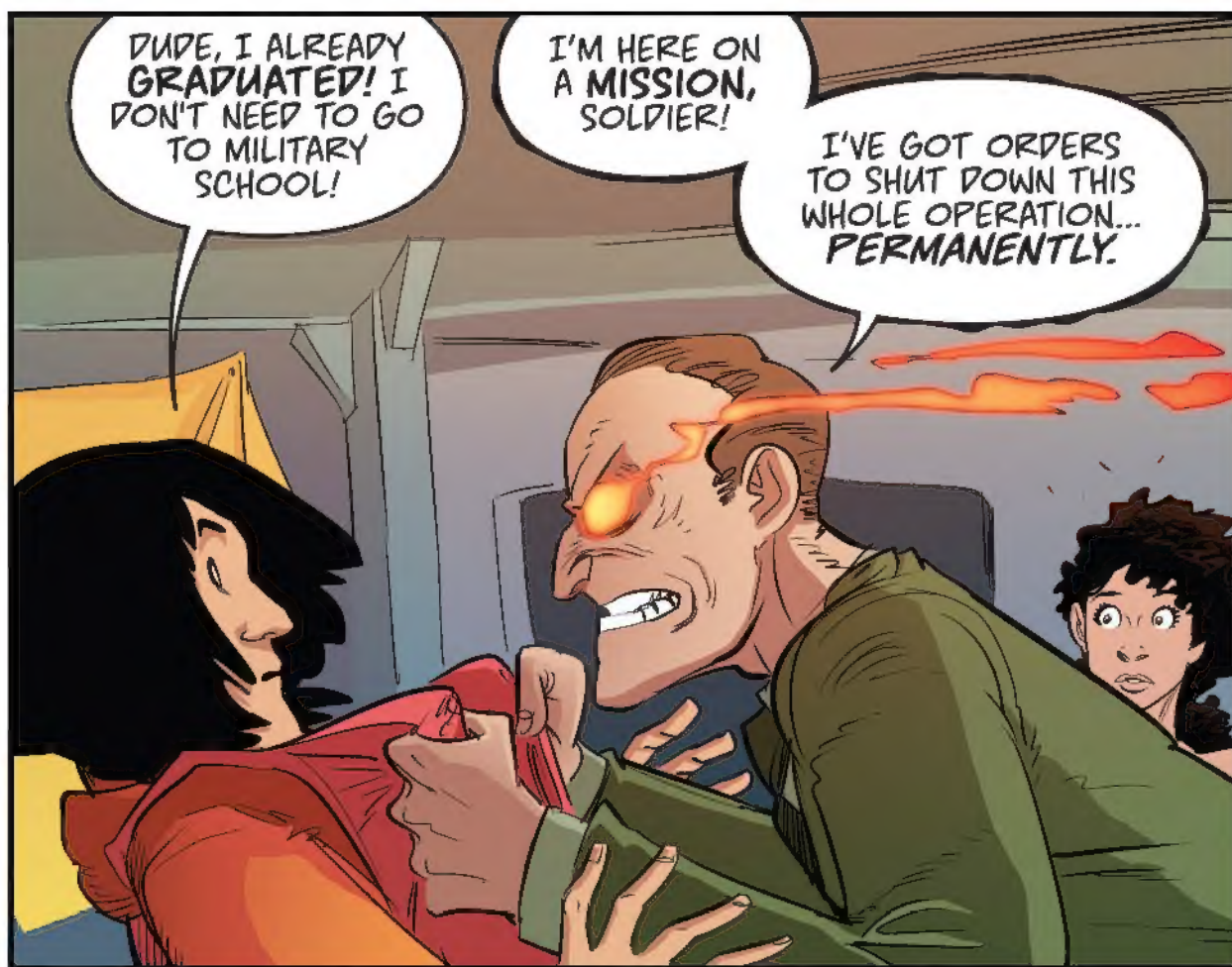
IF THEY
CATCH WIND OF
WHAT WE'RE
PLANNING--

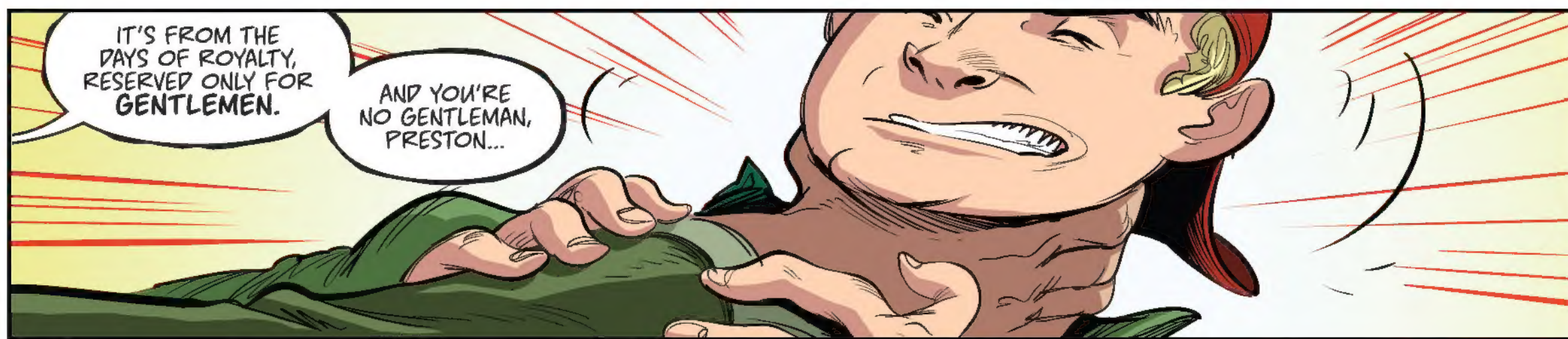
WELL
THEN...

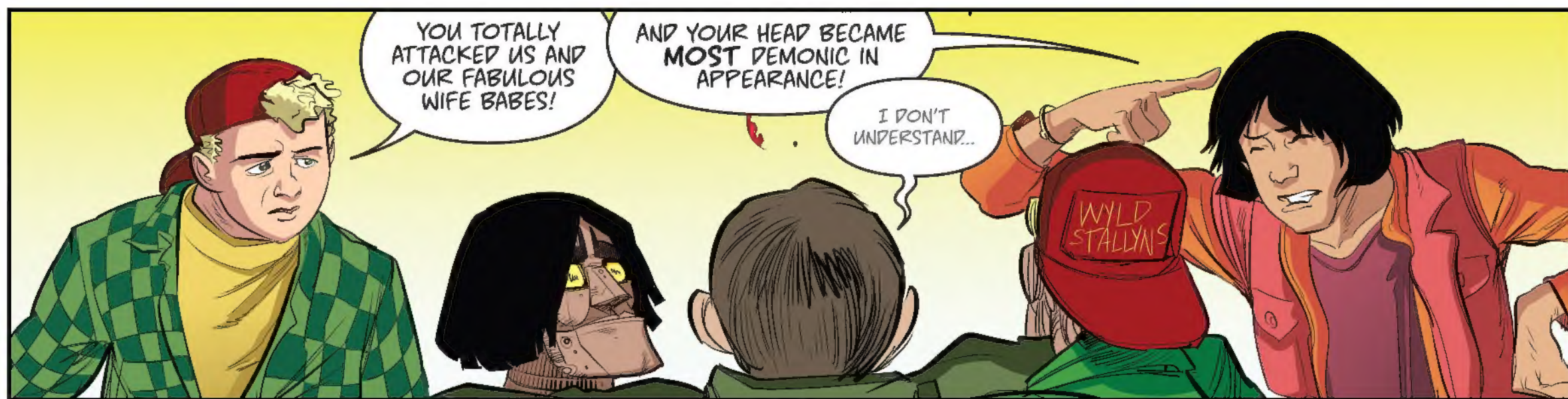


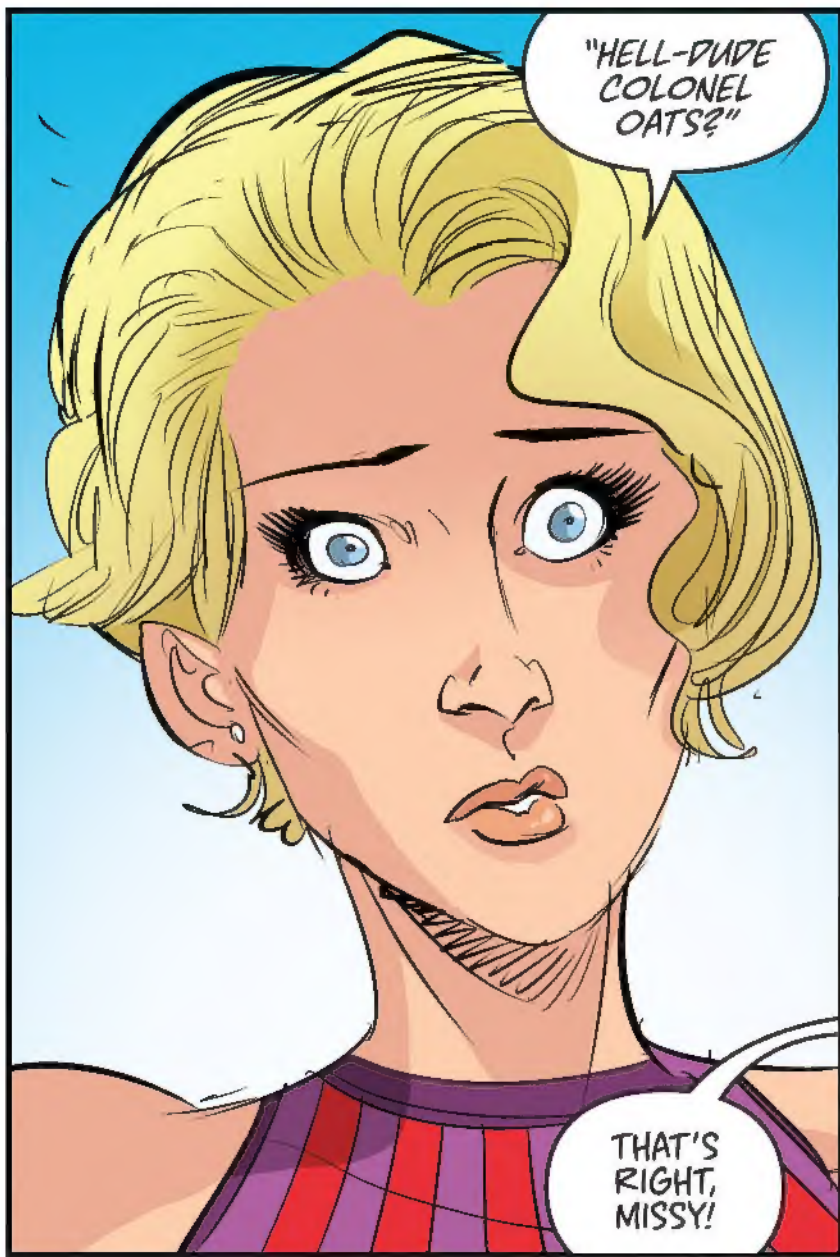
...I GUESS
WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO MAKE A
CONNECTION
OF OUR OWN.





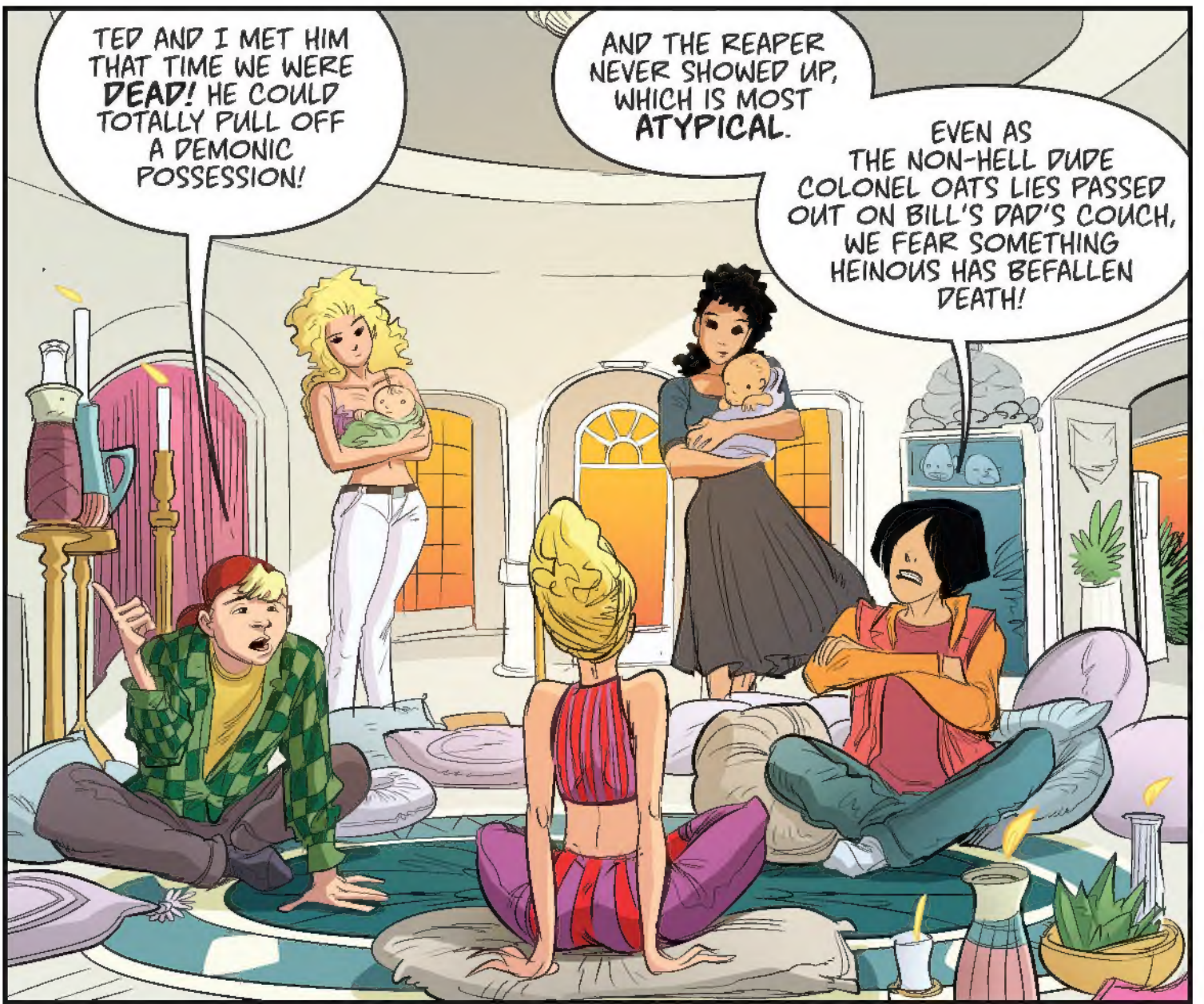






"HELL-DUDE COLONEL OATS?"

THAT'S RIGHT, MISSY!



TED AND I MET HIM THAT TIME WE WERE DEAD! HE COULD TOTALLY PULL OFF A DEMONIC POSSESSION!

AND THE REAPER NEVER SHOWED UP, WHICH IS MOST ATYPICAL.

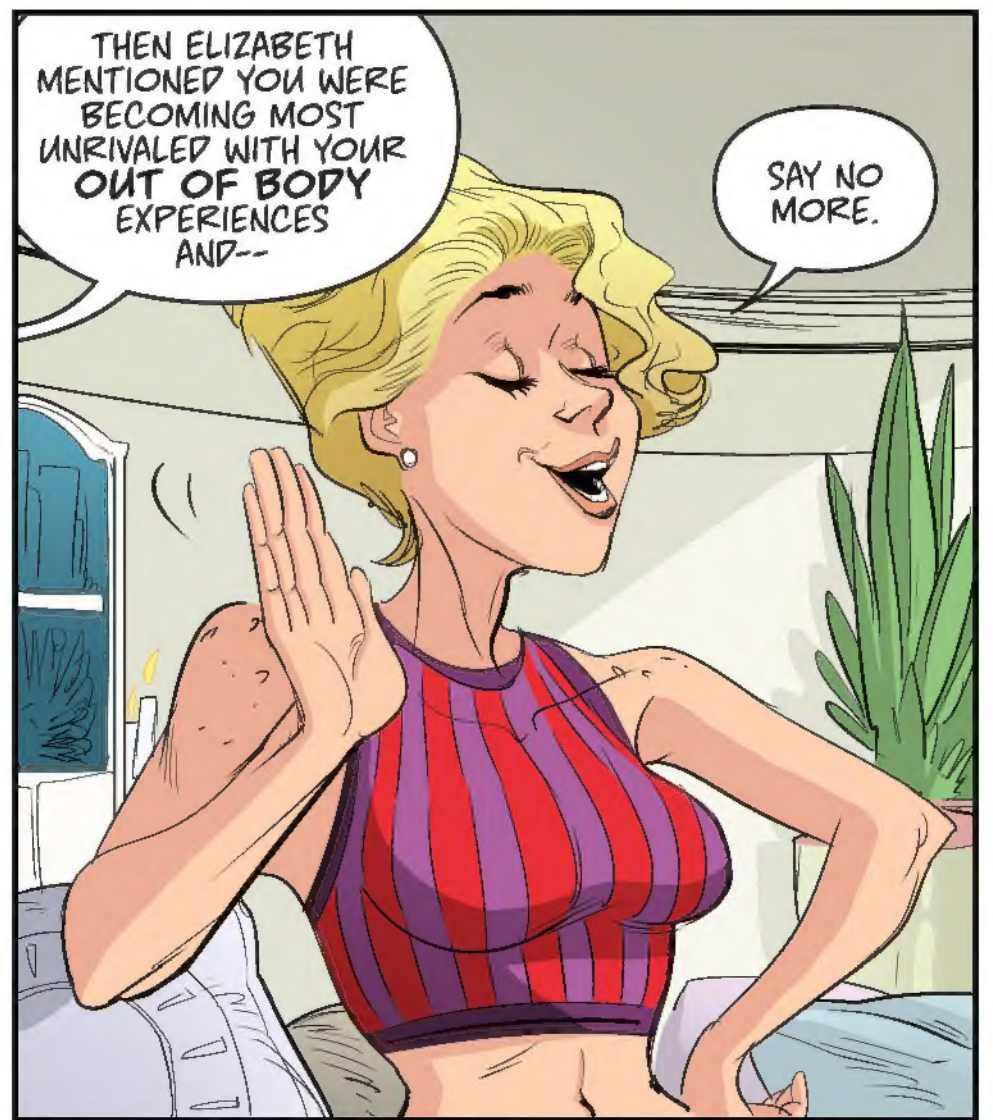
EVEN AS THE NON-HELL DUDE COLONEL OATS LIES PASSED OUT ON BILL'S DAD'S COUCH, WE FEAR SOMETHING HEINOUS HAS BEFALLEN DEATH!



THAT'S WHY WE CAME TO YOU!

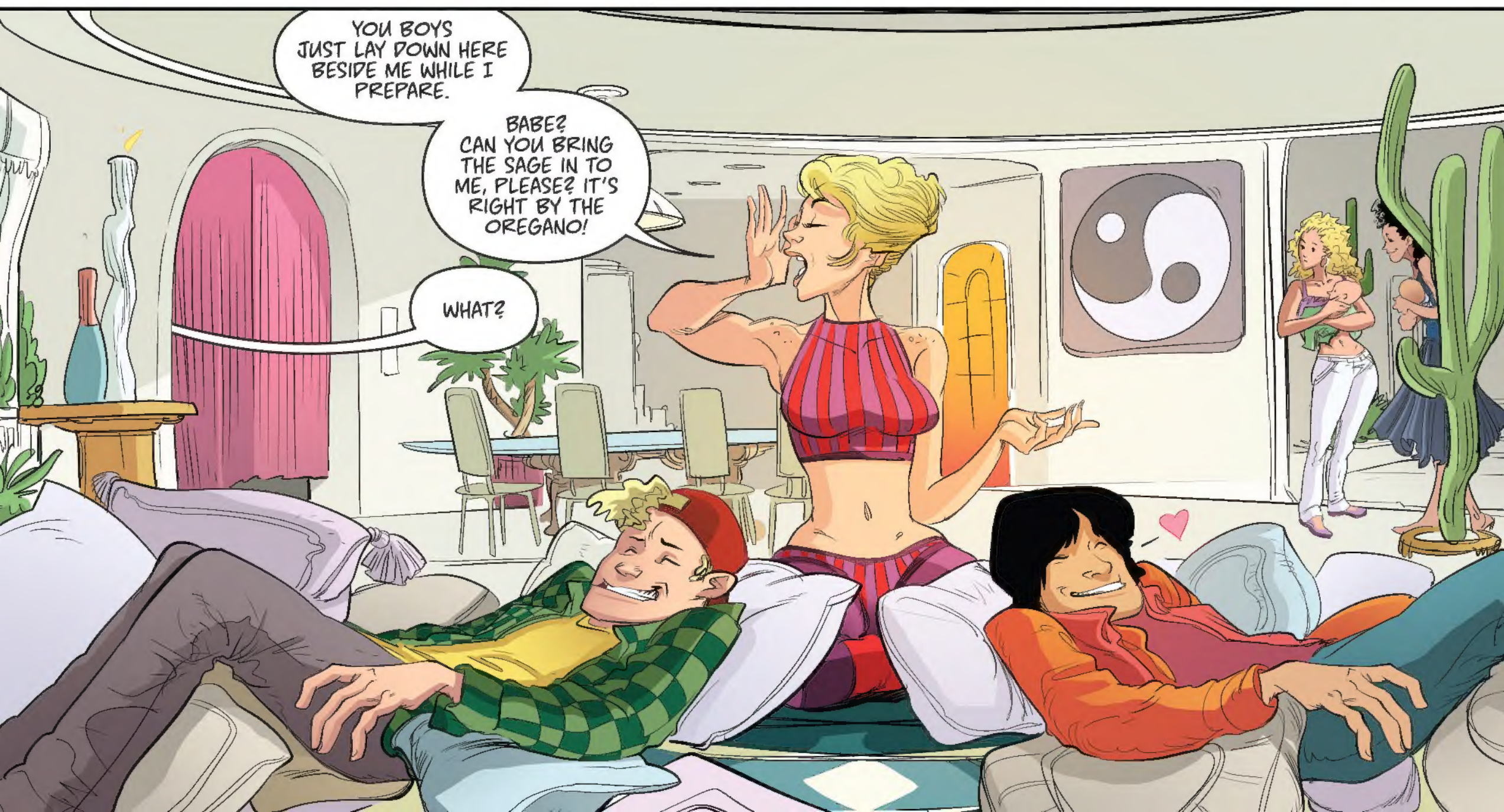


WE NEED TO GO CHECK ON DEATH, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO DIE AGAIN! THAT TOTALLY SUCKED!



THEN ELIZABETH MENTIONED YOU WERE BECOMING MOST UNRIVALED WITH YOUR OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCES AND--

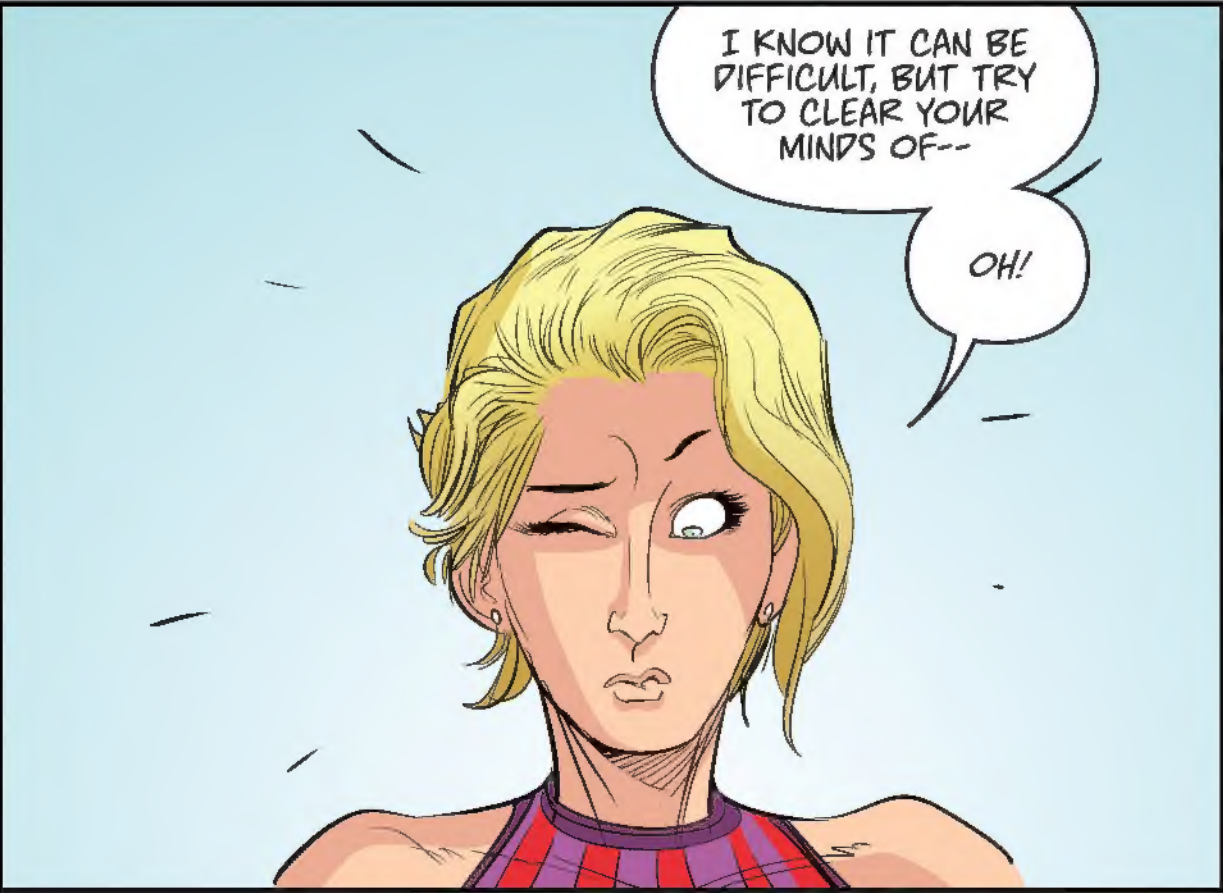
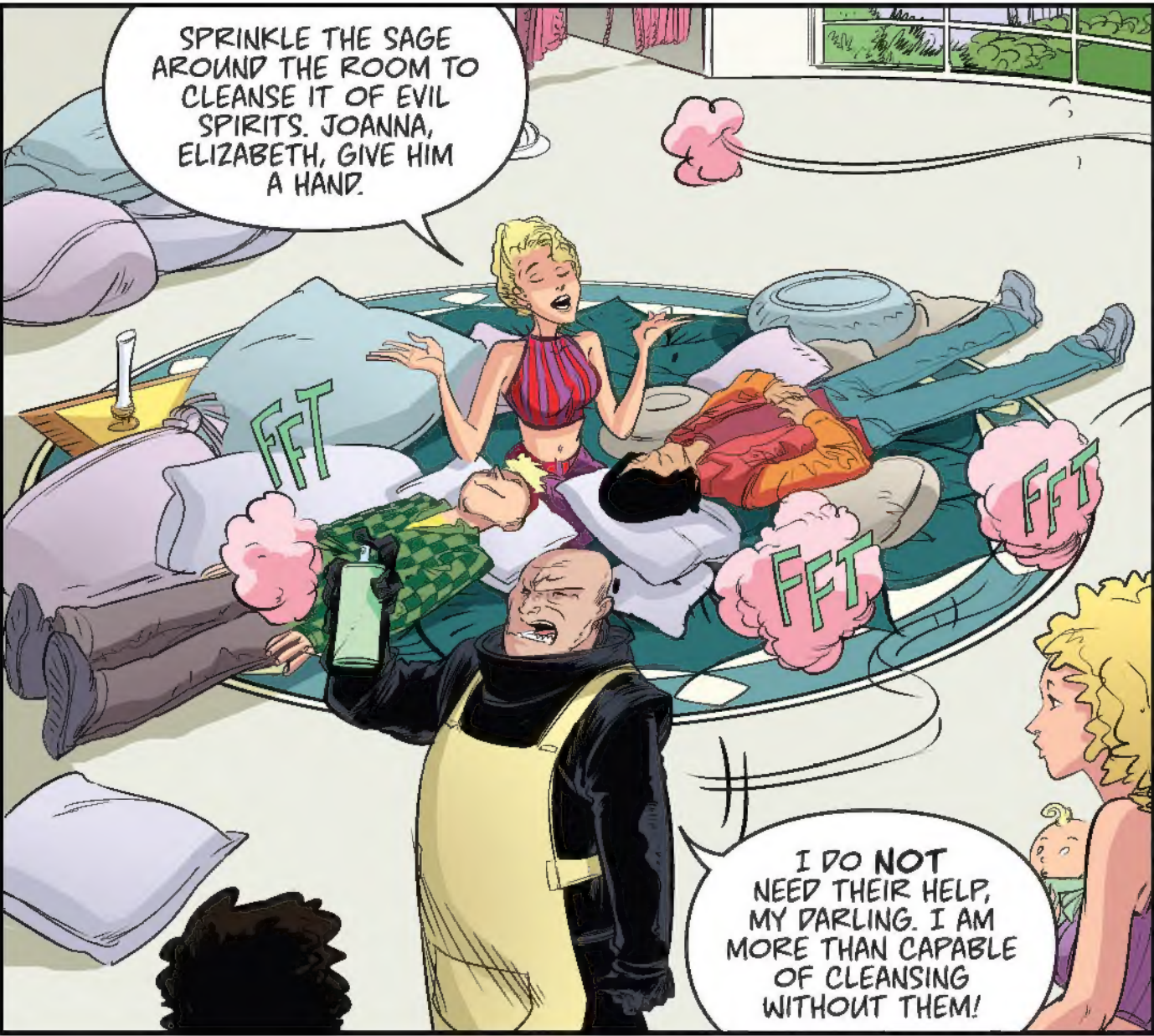
SAY NO MORE.



YOU BOYS JUST LAY DOWN HERE BESIDE ME WHILE I PREPARE.

BABE? CAN YOU BRING THE SAGE IN TO ME, PLEASE? IT'S RIGHT BY THE OREGANO!

WHAT?



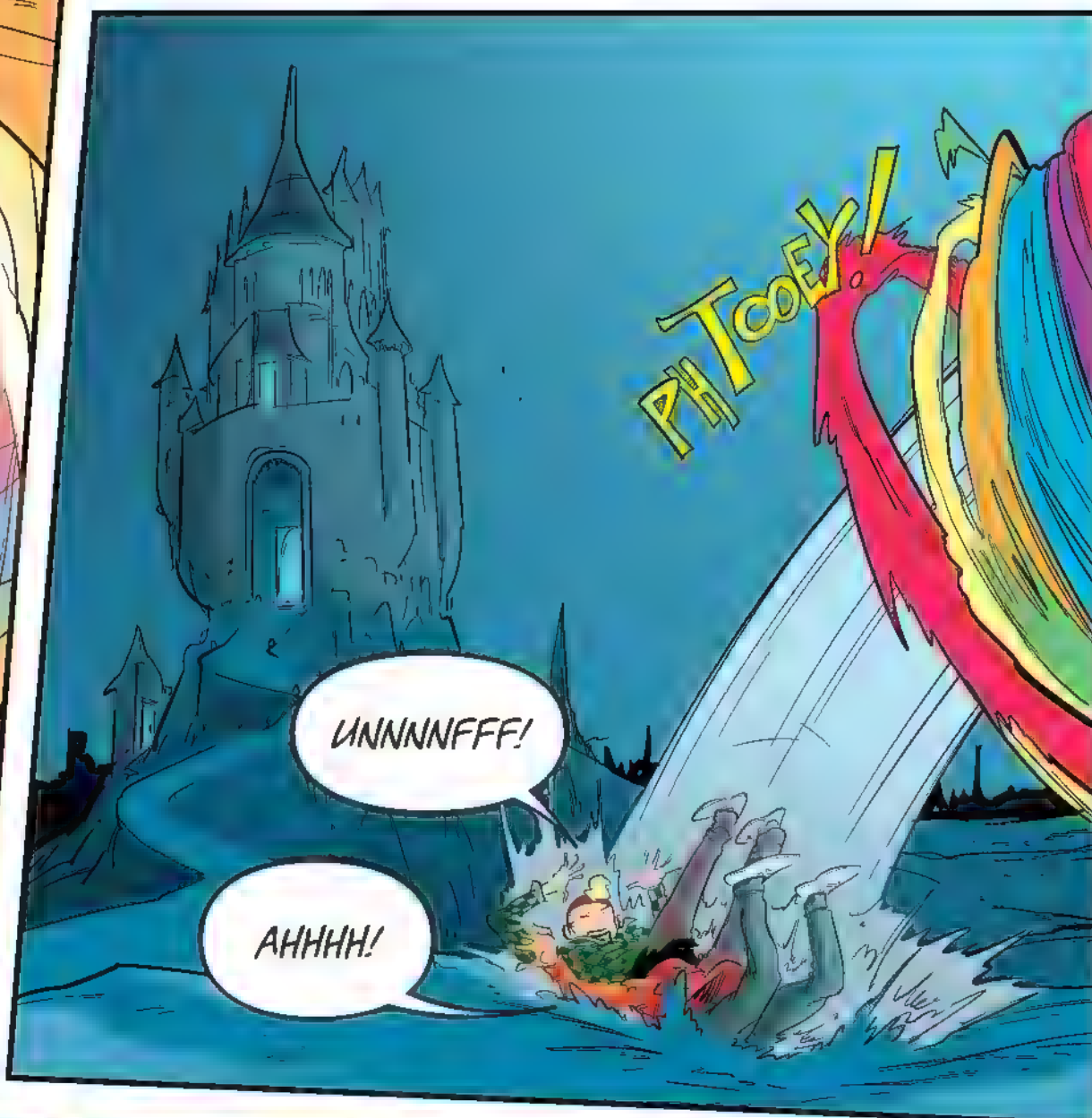


WHOA...

TED, IT'S LIKE
WE'RE FLOATING
IN A SEA OF
RAINBOWS!

I AGREE,
BILL! AND I HAVE
A MOST EGREGIOUS
HANKERING FOR
SOME LUCKY
CHARMS!

WAIT! I SEE
SOMETHING
AHEAD...



UNNNNFFF!

AHHHH!



COLD, GREY,
SMELLING OF
MILDEW AND
PICKLED
FISH...

THIS IS
DEFINITELY
DEATH'S
HOUSE.

BUT
NO SIGN OF
THE SPOOKY
DEAD DUDE
HIMSELF!



NOOOO! I SHALL
TELL YOU WHAT YOU
ARE WANTING TO
KNOW! PLEASE, JUST
STOP WITH THE
KISSING!

SO MUCH
HAIR--!

I BELIEVE
I'VE LOCATED
HIM, TED!



DEATH!

BILL! TED!
PLEASE, YOU
MUST RELEASE
ME BEFORE THEY
COME BACK!
THEY HAVE BEEN
TORTURING
ME!

THEY WANT MY
SECRETS!



DON'T WORRY, DEATH!
WE'LL TOTALLY HAVE
YOU FREE BEFORE
HELL-DUDE COLONEL
OATS COMES
BACK!

WELL, WELL,
WELL...

IT IS
NOT JUST
OATS...



...I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN YOU MAGGOTS
WOULD'VE HAD YOUR
ROBOT PALS TAKE
CARE OF MY TOPSIDE
SELF! NOT MAN ENOUGH
TO DO IT ON YOUR
OWN!

FORTUNATELY
I BROUGHT ALONG SOME
PEOPLE YOU KNOW TO
HELP WITH OUR LITTLE
**WELCOMING
COMMITTEE!**

HELLO,
THEODORE. STILL
TAKING THINGS THAT
DON'T **BELONG** TO
YOU, I SEE!

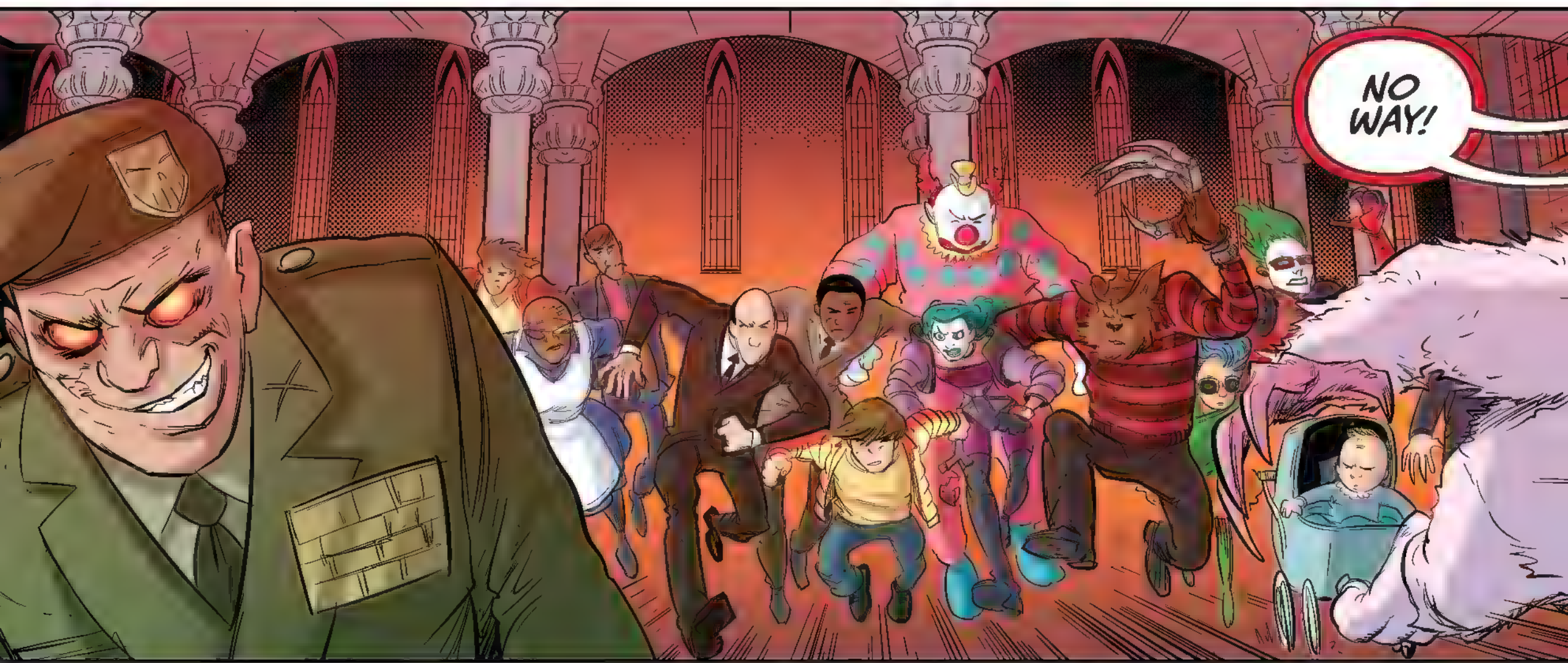
OOOH, BILL,
YOU'VE GOTTEN
SO **BIG** NOW!
COME OVER
HERE...

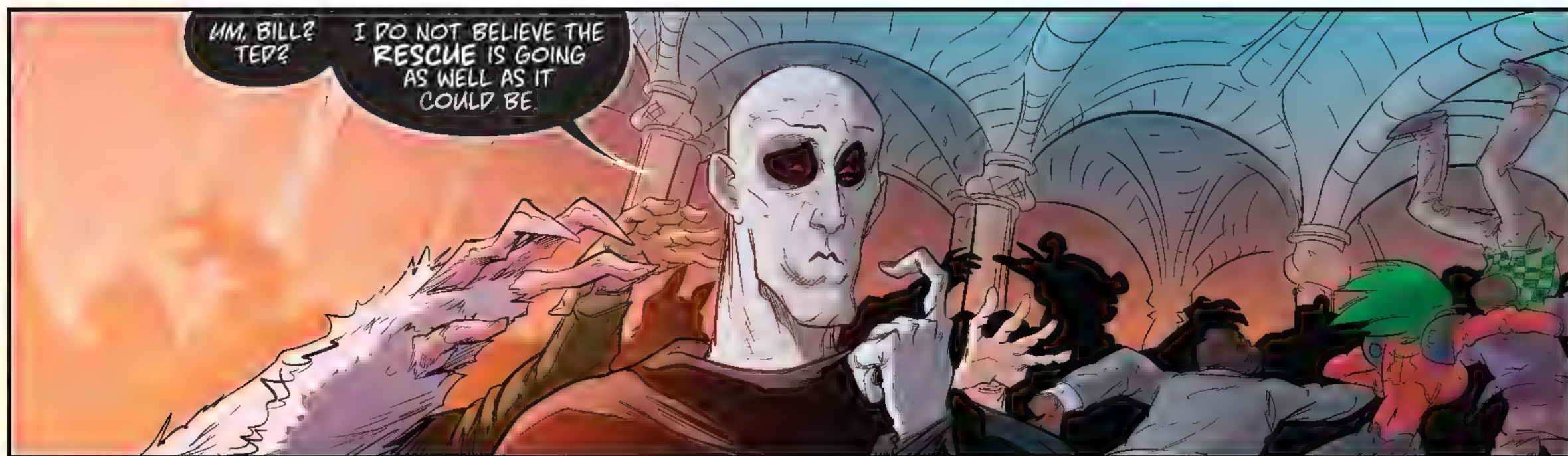
GIVE YOUR
GRANNY A
SQUOOSH.

THE
EASTER
BUNNY!

GRANNY
S. PRESTON,
ESQUIRE!

BOGUS.





UM, BILL?
TED?

I DO NOT BELIEVE THE
RESCUE IS GOING
AS WELL AS IT
COULD BE



YOU GOT
THAT RIGHT,
SNOWGLOBE!

OUR
MISTAKE WAS
THINKING THAT
THOSE SPINELESS
LITTLE SLIME TRAILS
WOULDN'T WEASEL
THEIR WAY HERE
TO FIND
YOU!



SO WE'RE
GOING SOMEPLACE
THOSE BOYS CAN'T
FOLLOW...

**STRAIGHT
BACK TO
HELL!**

BILL!
THEY'RE TAKING
THE REAPER! WE
GOTTA STOP
THEM!



COUNT OF
THREE!

ONE...
TWO...





I'M RIGHT HERE.

RUFUS!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WELL, AT SOME POINT IN THE FUTURE YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO CALL ME TO MEET YOU HERE AT THIS DATE AND TIME.

NOW, WHAT'S GOING ON? SOMETHING ABOUT HELL?



THAT'S RIGHT, RUFUS! THE GRIM REAPER TOTALLY GOT DEATHNAPPED BY HELL-PUDE COLONEL OATS AND--

WAIT, BILL! OATS SAID HE HAD A COMMANDING OFFICER! SOMEBODY HE WAS WORKING FOR!

IN HELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



THE DEVIL.



SATAN? YOU GUYS CALLED ME HERE BECAUSE YOU WANNA TAKE DOWN SATAN?

PHONE BOOTH'S PARKED OUTSIDE. GET IN...

IF WE'RE GOING AFTER BIG DAMNATION, THEN WE NEED A CRACK SQUAD TO DO IT!



FIRST, WE'RE GONNA NEED A PLAYER FOR THE OTHER SIDE, SOMEONE WITH A LOTTA FAITH WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO THROW IT INTO SATAN'S SMUG FACE!

I AM SORRY...YOU WANT ME TO WHAT?

WE WANT YOU TO COME WITH US TO HELL AND TOTALLY STOP SATAN FROM TAKING OVER HEAVEN!

BOYS...
...IT IS LITERALLY WHAT I WAS BORN TO DO!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MS. OF ARC?

FINALLY, WE NEED TO FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE, SO WE NEED TO FIND OURSELVES A LITTLE HELLRAISER OF OUR OWN!



ANCIENT GREECE? I DON'T GET IT!

RUFUS SAID HE WAS TOTALLY BEST BUDDY WITH SOCRATES. MAYBE HE'S VISITING?

BILL?! TED?! WHAT IN TARNATION ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?



THEN, WE'RE GONNA NEED SOMEBODY HONEST, WHO CAN PICK APART ANY OF THE LIES SATAN TRIES TO SPIN.

HELL, YOU SAY?

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT! IT'LL BE MOST DANGEROUS AND UNPLEASANTLY TEMPERATE!

IF NOT FOR US, WILL YOU DO IT FOR YOUR COUNTRY?

GENTLEMAN, THE FOUNDATION OF MY PRESIDENCY IS THE IDEA THAT ALL MEN WERE CREATED EQUAL, AND THOUGH I'VE NEVER CONSIDERED IT BEFORE...

...I SUPPOSE THAT BELIEF EXTENDS TO THOSE NO LONGER WITH US.

WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT WOULD I BE TO TURN MY BACK ON THOSE DECEASED AMERICANS IN THIS, THEIR GREATEST TIME OF NEED?

I SUPPOSE WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS...

PARTY ON, DUDES!

ALRIGHT, LINCOLN!

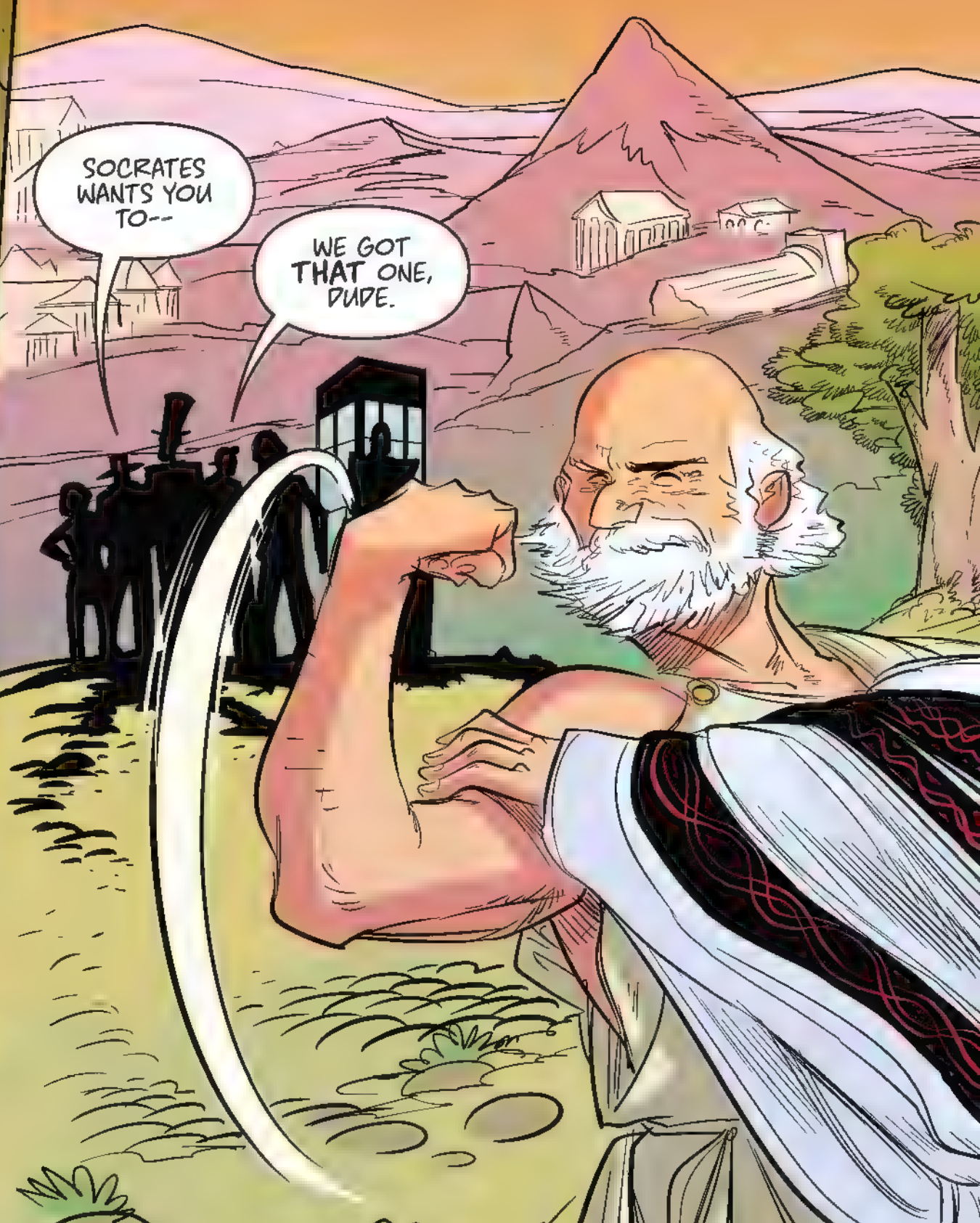


WE'RE LOOKING FOR YOU, BILLY! I KNOW THIS MIGHT SOUND TOTALLY WEIRD, BUT WE NEED YOU TO COME TO HELL WITH US AND--

I'M IN! JUST THE KIND OF THING I NEED TO SHAKE THE DUST OFF THIS OLD... HMMM?

SOCRATES ISN'T SURE HE WANTS TO GO. THINKS IT SOUNDS RISKY.

UH, WELL...WE WEREN'T REALLY INVITING HIM. JUST YOU.



SOCRATES WANTS YOU TO--

WE GOT THAT ONE, DUDE.



HOW'S IT HANGING, EVERYBODY?



TED AND I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR AGREEING TO HELP US GO BUST DEATH OUT OF HELL!

IT WILL BE A MOST PERILOUS JOURNEY, BUT WHEN WE GET THERE WE'LL--

UH, RUFUS? HOW ARE WE GETTING THERE?

IN THE BOOTH. I GOT A PAL WHO WORKS FOR THE PHONE COMPANY.

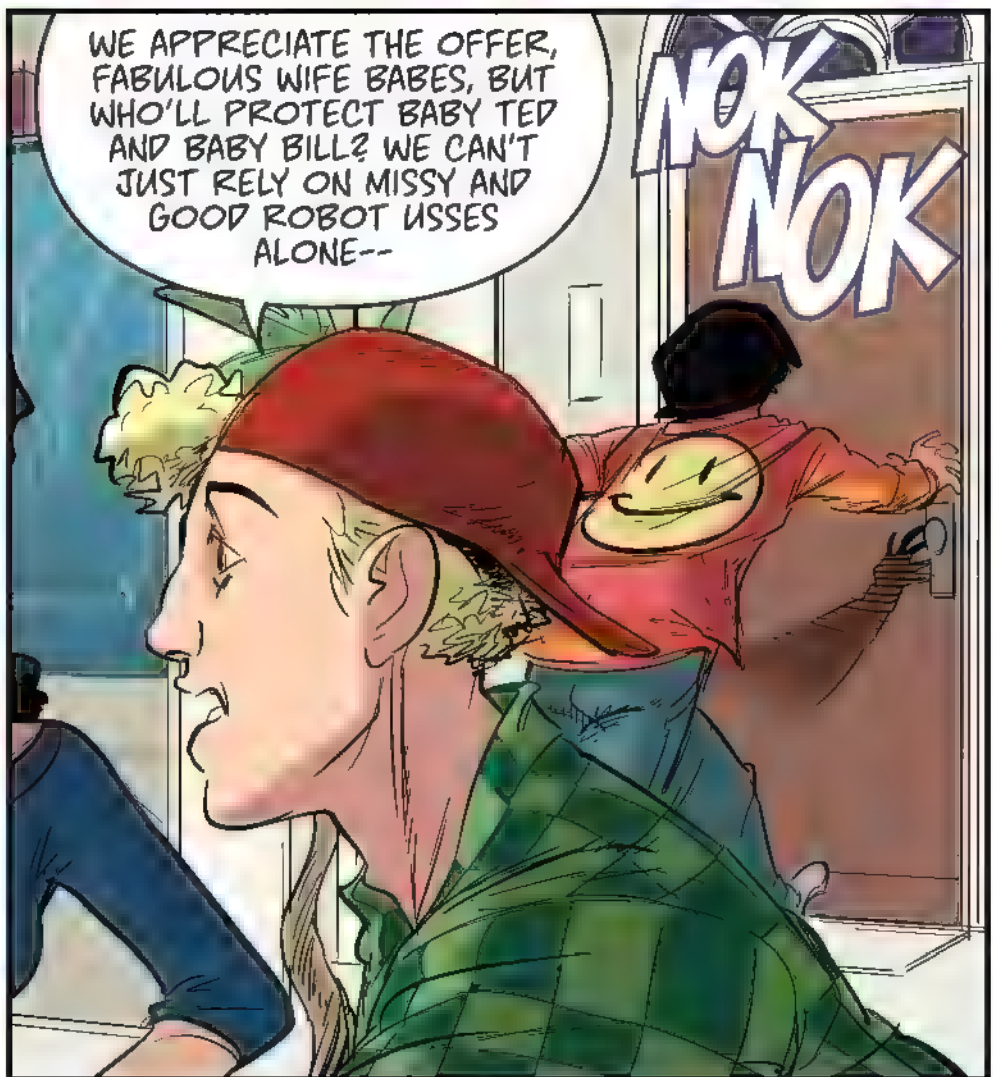
HELL'S JUST ONE BIG UNLISTED NUMBER.



ANYWAY, BILL, RUFUS, BILLY, MS. OF ARC, AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND I WILL GO RESCUE DEATH WHILE THE REST OF YOU--

ACTUALLY, THEODORE, WE'LL BE COMING WITH YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT. AFTER HEARING OF YOUR LAST TRIP THERE, YOU AND WILLIAM WILL NEED EVERY OUNCE OF SUPPORT!



WE APPRECIATE THE OFFER, FABULOUS WIFE BABES, BUT WHO'LL PROTECT BABY TED AND BABY BILL? WE CAN'T JUST RELY ON MISSY AND GOOD ROBOT USSES ALONE--





BUT COLONEL
OATS AND THE OTHERS
WERE WORKING FOR
SATAN! WHY WOULD THEY
TIE HIM UP?

DUDE...
LOOK AT
HELL.



IT'S A
WATER
PARK.



SO IT
IS A WATER
PARK. SO
WHAT?

IT IS
HELL, AFTER
ALL!

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND, CHUCK!
ONLY ONE DUDE WOULD
CONQUER HELL AND TURN
IT INTO A WATER
PARK!

AHHH,
BILL.
TED.



BON JOUR...
...AND WELCOME
TO MY
KINGDOM.

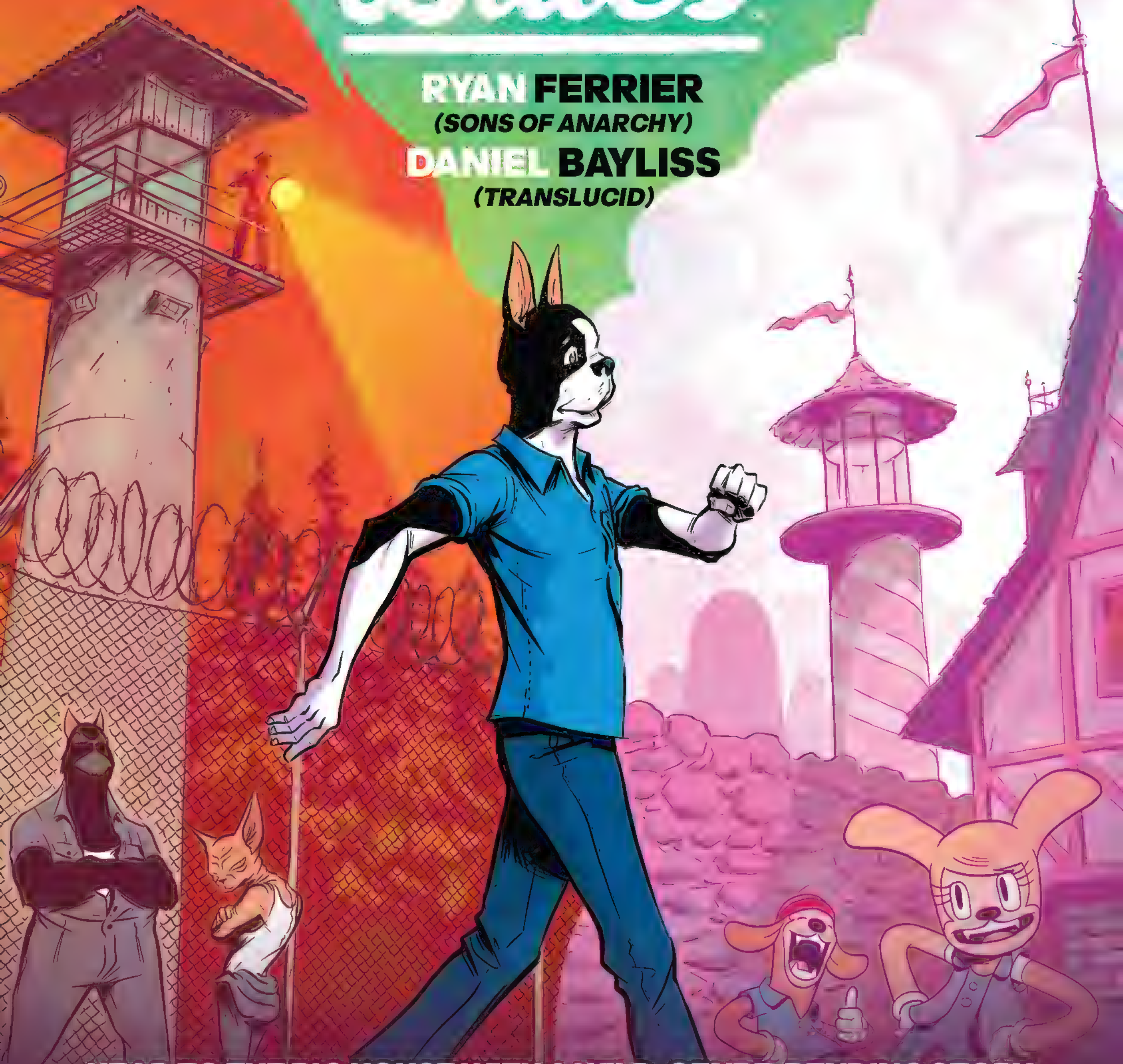
TO BE TOTALLY
CONTINUED!

IF YOU CAN'T ESCAPE *prison*, ESCAPE *reality*.

KENNEL BLOCK *Blues*

RYAN FERRIER
(*SONS OF ANARCHY*)

DANIEL BAYLISS
(*TRANSLUCID*)



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WRITTEN BY
**JACKSON LANZING
& COLLIN KELLY**

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARCUS TO

COLORS BY
IRMA KNIIVILA

LETTERED BY
JIM CAMPBELL

ISSUE ONE IN STORES APRIL 2016

CONGRATULATIONS,
CITIZENS OF EARTH!

ANOTHER DAY
OF FRUITFUL LABOR IS
SAFELY COMPLETED, WITH
TWELVE ABERRATIONS DETECTED
AND PROUDLY ELIMINATED IN
TORONTO BY OUR BRAVE
BOYS ON THE MOON.

WE HAIL
OUR PERFECT
AND UNENDING
UNION.

NOW, AS THE
SUNBAND DARKENS
INTO A BEAUTIFUL GLOBAL
TWILIGHT, WE STOP AS ONE
FOR A WEEKLY REMINDER OF
OUR GOOD FORTUNE TO LIVE
UNDER SUCH INNOVATIVE
LEADERSHIP.

WE REMEMBER
THAT BEYOND THE
SAFESKY, A SINISTER EVIL
LURKS IN THE DARKNESS
OF SPACE.

WE REMEMBER
THAT FOR HUNDREDS OF
YEARS, IT HAS BEEN KEPT AT
BAY THROUGH THE EFFORTS
OF THE GLORIOUS
TRIUMVIRATE.

WE REMEMBER
THAT THIS PLACE, THIS
ONE PLANET, IS OUR PERFECT
HOME. AND WE AFFIRM THAT
WE WILL NEVER, EVER
LEAVE.

ONE WORLD.
ONE GOVERNMENT.
ONE DESTINY.

~SIGH~

PASS.

"LOOK, DEWYDD, IT'S SIMPLE. EVERYTHING IS IN PLACE FOR US TO GET THE HELL OFF THIS PLANET. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO. AND ME?"

"I'LL SEE YOU ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON."



"THAT'S AN INSANE IDEA. EVEN IF I COULD PULL CREDENTIALS, WHICH, LET'S BE HONEST, I CAN'T, HOW WOULD EVEN YOU GET TO THE--"

"THAT'S A ME PROBLEM."



"DEWYDD, THIS IS GOING TO WORK. BUT YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME. YOU HAVE TO WANT TO DO THIS."

"YEAH, UMA."

"ARE YOU STILL IN?"

"I'M VERY IN."





RIGHT THERE. THIS IS YOUR STATION, PRIVATE.

THIS? THIS IS THE BACKSIDE OF LUNA.

PRETTY GREAT GIG, RIGHT? PRETTY MUCH A GUARANTEED PERFECT RATING.

OF COURSE IT'S A PERFECT RATING, I'M GUARDING A DOOR THAT NEVER OPENS, IN A PART OF THE BASE THAT IS USED FOR EXACTLY NOTHING.



ONLY FOR NOW, MA'AM. I DOUBT COMMAND PLANS ON KEEPING YOU WITH US GRUNTS LONG.

MAYBE PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME, NEXT TIME YOU'RE HOME?



...

YEAH. SURE THING. I'LL GET RIGHT ON THAT JUST AS SOON AS MY PARENTS DECIDE THAT I EXIST--



WAIT.

WHAT THE SPACE?



OH WHAT THE SPACE?!



OKAY!
ALMOST THERE,
DEWYDD! WE'RE
HEADING FOR THE
TSIOLKOVSKY
CRATER!

UMA, YOUR
CONNECT KNOWS
RUSSIAN?

NO, I KNOW RUSSIAN.
LEARNED IT TO READ MY
PARENTS' BOOKS. ANYWAY,
THAT'S NOT THE WORD MY
GUY IN THE SKY USED.

HE CALLED
THIS PLACE...



"THE
BLACK
EYE."

WOW.

THIS IS
PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
COSANOVA REPORTING
TWIN ABERRATIONS IN
THE RESTRICTED
SECTOR.

REQUESTING
BACK-UP.

A SQUAD IS
BEING DEPLOYED TO
YOUR LOCATION, PRIVATE
COSANOVA. RETURN
TO BASE.

RETURN TO--
NO, I'M ON TOP
OF THEM, I'VE
GOT THIS!

THAT'S A
NEGATIVE. SUSPECTS
ARE MOST LIKELY ARMED,
AND I'M GETTING WORD
FROM COMMAND THAT
YOU'RE NOT TO
BE--



BEZCLICK



OH NO,
I LOST
YOU...

ATTENTION,
SIGHTSEEING TEENS!
YOU ARE UNDER SO
MUCH ARREST!

To Be Continued...